UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXVIII. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1911. NUMBER 16.

Had I Been One of Those

A Christmas Poem

Had I been one of those
Who watched their sleeping flocks by night
And saw the heavens, joy-faint with light,
Beneath fair Bethlehem's rose;
Would I have known, could I have guessed,
Would I have followed with the rest
Upon that far strange quest?

And had I been
A guest in that small crowded inn
Where Mary and the child enstabled lay,
Would I adoring too have knelt to pray?

And had I heard
The hillside preacher's word,
"Come unto me," and "Blessed are the meek,"
Would I have guessed, would I have known
This was the One we came to seek,
This is Messiah; He alone.

Would I have loved upon his breast to lean,
Or coldly asked, "Who is this Nazarene?"
In wrath for him have raised the sword—
Incarnate God, the Spoken Word—
Yet thrice denied him in one day,
Mayhap have kissed his life away?

Had I been one that day
To stand on Calvary's way,
Would I have joined the cry,
"Away with him" and "Crucify";
And helped to plait the crown of thorns,
And held to him the cup of gall,
And deemed him lost whom the world scorns,
And said, "This is the last" and "This is all?"

How easy in these safe and pleasant days
To worship and to praise!

But if a sleeping babe now lay
Within a manger filled with hay,
And God's own star to point the way,
Would I believe? Would I obey?

How many great hearts silently
Seek their Gethsemane
To pray and weep,
While we forgetting sleep.

For Truth is mocked and scourged alway,
And Love is crucified each day.

Yet Love and Truth abide!
Love bursts the tomb and breaks the bonds of Death
And Hate, as ancient prophet saith.
Sweet Bethlehem's star
Still shines afar,
And Christ himself doth dwell
In every heart that doeth well.
So keep we still our Christmas-tide.

Frederick Douglass Centre, Chicago. CELIA PARKER WOOLLEY.

For accuracy and editorial carefulness commend to us our dignified contemporary, the *Christian Register*, of Boston, but for once we find the vision of this representative of Boston culture becoming confused and blurred by distance. To one in the latitude of Chicago it seems strange that even in Boston R. T. Crane, the venerable head of the Crane Company, who is working so strenuously, conscientiously, if not always wisely, for the elevation of the morals of the student population of America, should be confounded with his son, Charles R. Crane, the generous, intelligent and progressive gentleman whom President Taft so humiliated by that Chinese blunder, or something worse. Mr. Charles Crane doubtlesss has a pack of heresies of his own, economic, political and educational, for which he is willing to be responsible, but the *Christian Register* is hardly justified in asking this son to bear the sins of his father, although there may be Mosaic justification for such an implication.

Whatever the merits of the case may be and whatever the outcome of the long delayed trial of the packers may be, the effort to panel a jury adequate to try the case is of itself a revelation of the weakness, incompetency and inadequacy of the jury system to the complex exigencies of modern life. To find twelve men who are so colorless as to have no convictions concerning problems of politics or of religion, is to find twelve men of such negative qualities as to be easy victims to the tricks of lawyers, to be swayed by the passion of oratory, to be confused by the complexities of the case. The trial by jury, which was such a guarantee to liberty as to mark a great step forward in the history of civilization, has already been outgrown, and

a bench of judges duly qualified is the shorter and surer road to justice. The jury of twelve peers is already an outgrown expediency of democracy, and, except within severe limits, is to be relegated to the junk shop which contains so many antique instruments of government and outgrown methods of administration. Let this jury box be emptied and the judges' bench be strengthened in the interests of economy, of justice and of progress.

General Wood, of the United States Army, is again begging for the Canteen as a necessity of the Army. This very petition is a confession of army weakness and a terrible arraignment of army life. Mechanics, tradesmen, lawyers, ministers, teachers, and all the other legitimate vocations of life are learning more and more that the maximum of joy, and even of sociability, is reached without the aid of the Canteen fluids. It is only those on whose idle hands time hangs heavily and in whose pockets uninvested coin restlessly disturbs the imagination, that these stimulations seem absolutely necessary. Give the soldiers something to do that is worth while; put them at work on some creative, initiative task, and they will be happy without this "Canteen" and, when need be, they will be the better soldiers for this abstinence. Ten hours a week of rigid drill will make an efficient soldier out of any one who has the aptitude for such. Let the other working hours of the week be directed to something worth while, and the Canteen cry of an officer and the Canteen degradation of the private soldier will not be renewed. If there is need of the Canteen in the Army as it is now managed, let the Army be reorganized rather than that the Canteen should be reinstated.

The inauguration of a "People's Jewish Synagogue" gives Chicago another down-town Sunday religious service. The movement is under the direction of Dr. E. G. Hirsch and his son-in-law, Rabbi Gerzon Levi. The movement has been auspiciously started within distinctively Jewish bounds. There is doubtless a large work for these effective ministers of religion to do under this restricted banner. There are many hundred Jewish people in Chicago, particularly young men and women who are more or less detached from home and the established Synagogues, membership in which implies a degree of prosperity. We understand that in this down-town movement the seats are to be practically free, and we bespeak for the movement the prosperity it deserves. The *Reform Advocate,* in announcing the movement, emphasizes the distinctive *"Jewishness"* of the movement. We have for a long time felt that Dr. Hirsch possessed a talent and carried a message that ought to have a down-town opportunity, and if it must be within Jewish limit, all the same we rejoice in it. But there is a larger constituency which would be still more delighted if the *humanness* of the movement were emphasized rather than the *Jewishness.* This movement will be watched with keen interest by all lovers of liberal spirit and progressive ideas. And what can be accomplished here in Chicago may prove an incentive for other places to go and do likewise.

Last week UNITY contained an interesting report of a Conference dinner held at the Abraham Lincoln Centre in the interest of summer camping for city boys and girls. All accounts go to show that the meeting was a profitable one, as the discussion was certainly timely; but the necessity of that discussion points to other questions far more fundamental. Social center and Settlement workers are compelled to recognize a growing class of idle boys more or less prone to crime in every section of a great city. This mass of boys soon take on the enthusiasm and idleness that are represented by the "gang" spirit. The Scout movement, the Camp movement, and much of our so-called "boy work" in the city accept this "gang" spirit as inevitable and undertake to utilize it for the betterment of the boys. We distrust any movement that accepts the necessity of handling boys in bundles and aggregating them in large numbers, even for their good. Anything that goes to awaken *class* enthusiasms, inside confidences, and the sense of demarcation from the rest of the world is to be suspected. What boys need is work. Activity does the same thing for boys that it does for men. A Lincoln Centre worker reports five members of the Gang that want work and are willing to go to work, but can find no work, and who on account of their enforced idleness are a Centre problem and a civic menace. This reaches the crucial point. What are we going to do with the boys that need work on the boulevard as in the slums? What are we going to do with our favored unmarried women who found a spokesman in one who said, "I wish I had a task that I'd have to go to at nine o'clock in the morning and not leave until five o'clock at night. I would be happier thus than over the opportunity of spending my winter in Southern California." Rev. E. A. Bartlett, of Chicago, last Sunday called for a Municipal Workshop in which the unemployed could be put to work at union wages but only get a half day employment, so as to give them the spare hours to go about in search of permanent work. This is but an amelioration of the problem. The great fundamental question of the city is to keep our boys busy and to give them joy in activity. This is not the question of the slums only, but the question of the avenues as well. Fortunately, the mechanic, the day laborer, has more opportunity and

succeeds more often in giving the incentive of work to his boys than do the favored dwellers of the boulevards, who give the fathers employment. The Gospel of Work, which was preached with such efficiency by Thomas Carlyle, is a Gospel still for slum and avenue, and is a question which social centers and settlement workers must keep ever in mind if they are to help even a few.

With the Law-Makers in Washington

A benignant human extension of the Divine Providence recently carried the senior editor of UNITY to Washington. This enabled him to slip in and out of the halls of Congress for several days and, from the superior vantage ground of the gallery, watch the Representatives and Senators at work. It was an opportune time to visit these law-makers. The session opened with two hot, vital questions of immediate interest to the constituents, who were out of sight but never "out of mind." These questions were, the "Dollar a Day Pension Bill" of Representative Sherwood from Ohio, and the Russian Treaty Abrogation Resolution of Representative Sultzer of New York. Both subjects kindled oratorical fires; eloquence was on tap, the Eagle flapped its wings continuously, the gavel of the presiding officer always came down too soon, and the "privilege to print" was persistently asked and as freely granted.

The fact that the "constituency at home" was ever in mind was too apparent. If ever a house played politics, if ever private judgment was subordinated to political ambition, such motives obtained on the floors of Congress during the days referred to.

Fortunately the Russian problem seemed to have but one side to it, and the individual conscience happily went along with the popular clamor. The almost complete unanimity of the House will probably be duplicated by a similar unanimity in the Senate. The only regret on the part of the more dignified branch seemed to be that it was anticipated in its vote of censure. That there is a better and a poorer way of doing this, as everything else, goes without saying. Perhaps there was not sufficient attention given to the "how," but, fortunately, at least all were agreed that the indignities should be borne no longer, and there seemed to be the unconfessed confession that the protest ought to have come long ago. That the protest would have come long ago was also tacitly confessed, had it not been for certain sordid financial advantages accruing to certain unnamed but apparently well-known representatives of commercial interests that have been fostered under the treaty whose spirit has been so outraged for many years. The rhetorical quality of the protest at this juncture fills one with apprehension lest this was an attempt to obscure the hesitancy of the past with the precipitancy of the present. The Congress, by speech and vote, has set for itself a high standard which may tax its liberality and courage to keep up to. The exclusion of right-minded and law-abiding citizens of one country from the courtesies and hospitalities of another country on account of race and religious prejudices is, to say the least, as reprehensible in the United States as it is in Russia, and much less excusable in this case than the other.

Unfortunately the Pension Bill carried with it no such unanimity of conviction, although it does carry almost the same voting unanimity. The present writer is an "old soldier," one who took and held his place in the ranks for three years, and who had abundant opportunity of knowing the smell of powder. He yields to no one in his respect for the service rendered by thas who formed what unquestionably was the most intelligent, high-minded, principle-guided, freedom-loving and race-serving army that ever was mustered. We believe that the nation owes a debt of gratitude to those who saved the Union from '61 to '65, which it can never repay.

For this very reason we resent the implication that the service they rendered can be measured by dollars and cents. We further resent the insinuation that the "Old Soldier" who, in his boyhood,—for most of them were boys,—gave his service without thought of gain, should now in his old age be greedy for reward. We also resent the implication that a majority of the rusty veterans are now in such pecuniary distress and precarious condition that they need to be "taken care of." The soldiers who from '61 to '65 did but their plain duty,—none of them did more, some of them did less,—fify years later are no parasites, but self-respecting and in the main self-supporting and self-sufficient old men, and we further believe that the "old soldiers" are sufficiently intelligent not to be bamboozled by vote-hunting legislators or biased on election day in favor of those who, for party reasons, use them in a political game of battle-dore and shuttle-cock.

We know of no surer indication of legislative degeneracy than the confession on the part of national law-makers that they voted for this bill, not because they believe in it, but because they dared not commit political suicide by voting otherwise. We believe the sequel will show that the man who put his conviction into his vote on the floors of Congress will find that the dreaded "constituency" at home will prefer the man who stood by his convictions to the one who stood by his party or personal interests. We believe the "Old Soldier" who stood on the firing-line in '61 to '65 is not going to sully his record. Fifty years afterward he is not going to betray an independent, honest man for selfish and personal reasons.

We regret this exorbitant pension suggested and hope that the country will be saved this enormous

burden by senatorial prudence or presidential interference. We object to it as an "Old Soldier," who, if in spite of the splendid and exceptional generosity of the government, he should find himself a dependent in his old age, has always an honorable resource, a comfortable shelter, an adequate provision made for him in one of the many "Old Soldiers' Homes" provided by state and nation.

We object to this Pension Bill, not because of its generosity to the "Old Soldier," but because, by implication, of its neglect of the other veterans, who have been in the service of the nation for a longer time and have rendered as high service in the face of equal dangers,—we mean the heroes of toil, the martial spirited mothers and grandmothers who have given their lives entirely to sustain the integrity of the government and to maintain its supremacy.

We are glad to append to this editorial opinion one of the few addresses made on the side of what seems to us patriotism as well as prudence, of true respect for the "Old Soldier" as well as for the integrity of the nation, the word of one who has been so long a colleague, and is now the respected representative in the House from California. Pending the vote in the House, Mr. William Kent, of California, said:

Mr. Chairman, it seems to me that in legislation involving expenditures such as are contemplated under the proposed bill, this House does not sufficiently recognize that the money to be expended must be taken from the remainder of the people.

From one end of this country to the other we have complaints of the high cost of living. This high cost comes in large measure from our tariff system, a system which to my mind places burdens upon shoulders least able to bear them. It seems to me that these large expenditures, which make necessary the extraordinary revenues that have to be raised by our tariff, are not considered with sufficient care.

It is true that those who risked their lives that the Union might be preserved are entitled to great consideration. It is also true that there are many millions of people no less patriotic, no less deserving of sympathy, that are now suffering under the burdens imposed because of heavy taxes levied under our cowardly, indirect system. If this money that some of us propose to appropriate could be taken out of the undue accumulations of the privileged among us, I, for my part, would have no objection to its appropriation. We wish to be generous. We wish to recognize the services of these veterans, but when we stop to consider that this bill calls for from $40,000,000 to $75,000,000 a year which must be taken from the average of our people, which must come from what is charged them in the cost of living, then we should see to it that we do not, under the guise of patriotism or apostrophes to the flag, place increasing burdens upon those who in toil and suffering must pay these charges.

We are not here to act on our own generous impulses with money not our own. We are here to administer trust funds. We cannot alleviate all the want in our country. We can not redistribute the wealth of our country without being accountable for the way in which we do it. It seems to me that in this world of but relative justice we have been generous to our veterans. They have had more consideration than any other class of our people. We can not pay them for being patriotic, for patriotism is not purchasable. We have done much more to alleviate their needs than we have done for others equally worthy. We can not by appropriations cure all the hardship of all our people.

To my mind the old woman who has brought up a family and finds herself in her old age a subject of charity is no less deserving of our attention than are these veterans. We can not pension her. I hope some time we may. We never can have old-age pensions or an adequate system of social justice until the time comes when we have some method whereby we can levy taxes upon privilege and take away the earnings of the privilege.

The time will come when out of the product of the competent and the efficient the portion now paid to privilege will go to the amelioration of the condition of the superannuated and the crippled. I for one can not vote for the tremendous appropriation of public funds contemplated in the Sherwood bill or the Sulloway bill, because I realize that it must mean an increased burden placed by our indirect system of taxation upon the least favored of our people that shows itself in the higher cost of living. I hope that when this measure comes to a vote there will be a roll call, and I hope and trust that after the roll is called and all of us have voted, that no man can confess, even to himself, that his vote on this vastly important measure had any connection whatever with the fortunes of his political party, or with his own political fortunes. If any man votes so that he must in honesty make this confession, even to himself, he thereby admits that he has been false to his oath of office, and by such confession he will be insulting those at whose supposed behest he aids in passing such legislation.

A Question and Answer

(Continued.)

UNITY for Uovember 30 and December 7 will be devoted to our annual Book round-up. Will you name from one to six of the really important books of the year from your own standpoint? Answer postal-card length at your earliest convenience and oblige. *Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

Rev. J. G. Townsend, Jamestown, N. Y.

Probably the most suggestive book to thinkers published recently is "Creative Evolution," by Henri Bergson. In this interesting book there is plenty of theory, but one hesitates to place the instinct of ants and bees above human reason.

But the most important, the most religious, the most conscience-arousing book published during the year, in my judgment, is "Pay-Day," by C. Hanford Henderson. It shows what Education and Industry are and their essential relation. Never before did I so see the real iniquity of rent, interest, and dividends. It gives a clear statement of our social and industrial problems, and suggests a solution; and yet the author is generous enough to say there may be other solutions. It is the broadest, most philosophical, most religious book on these great themes.

SUPERSENSIBLE

The harp is ever singing to itself
In soft and soullike sounds we cannot hear;
The stars of morning sing, and soundless words
Make God's commands run swift from sphere to sphere.

Each flower is always sending incense up
As if in act of holy worshiping,
Till fragrant each is one great altar, like
To heaven where saints their prayer-filled censers swing.

The stars send out a thousand rays, writ full
Of mysteries we cannot read or see,
Of histories so long, and going forth
So vast, the volumes fill infinity.

Celestial presences have walked with man,
Alluring him to Nebo's lofty height;
Transfigured forms in tender light, too oft
Invisible to our low range of sight.

O Source Divine of things so fine and high,
Touch all thy children's souls with power to see
That vibrant earth and air and boundless sky
Still throb with immanent divinity.

—*Bishop Henry W. Warren.*

THE PULPIT

The Gospel of the Manger

A Christmas Sermon Preached by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago, December 17, 1911, and Published in the Christmas Number of Hoard's Dairyman

"And she wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in a manger." Luke 11 : 7

Legend, poetry, painting have rejoiced in this manger story. Artists throughout the Christian centuries have loved to paint Mother Mary and her Babe in the neighborhood of the cows. The surroundings of the barn and the manger have been the favorite themes of preachers and poets. Perhaps the *symbolism* of the manger is an overworked commonplace of the Christmas sermon. It has been made to typify the poverty, the unwonted hardships, the primitive simplicity of the cradle conditions of the Christ-child. But legend, poetry and art, at their highest, fall far below the plain, hard *reality* in inspirational power.

Theologians make much of the biblical phase "in the fulness of time" in regard to the advent of the Master. They love to show how the elder prophets of Israel predicted the forthcoming event, and they argue that, when the clock of the old civilizations had run down and pagan power was at its extremest ebb, there came into the world this renewing vitality, this energizing personality, this redeeming force that was adequate to the revivifying of the age and the redeeming of the race. There are texts and facts at hand to justify, within limits, this reasoning. The historic argument that supports the Christmas bells and interprets the angels' song of "peace on earth, good will to men," stands.

But science throws the rays of its search-light far, far back of Hebrew text and historical records and discovers a rise of man, a Messianic preparation that renders the chronology of the biblical theologian, as Emerson suggests, "but the tick of a kitchen clock."

When the Christ-child was laid in the manger and holy motherhood was companioned by the gentle-eyed cows, he came into a "fulness of time" for which the struggling souls of man, battling through untold millenniums had toiled.

A babe laid in a manger was born into an advanced age of human development. The manger is relatively a modern achievement. Primitive man led a precarious life, skulking in caves, hiding in hollow logs, seeking protection in the limbs of trees as he waged his unequal battle with the relentless forces of nature, cold and heat, storms, rains, winds, and the still more relentless wild beasts that thirsted for his blood. The fruits and roots of the forest were his meager support until out of his dire necessity, his pitiful helplessness, he won by his wit the co-operation of his humbler relatives of the animal kingdom.

Next in the evolution of the race to the power of kindling and controlling fire stands man's domestication of animals. Civilization's earliest friend was the dog. The archæologist and the ethnologist have not been able to find any monumental or historical trace of a race so primitive but that the dog was there to reinforce and protect his elder brother. Then came the horse, the ass, the ox, the camel, the elephant, as burden-bearers for man, messengers of a gospel wherein intellect was to dominate, and brain, not brawn, was to direct the destinies of the race. Professor N. S. Shaler tells us that the greatest triumph man has ever achieved over any organism, including his own body, is that represented by the humanized,—I use the word advisedly,—the civilized dog. Here the ferocious ancestor, the wolf, the hyena, or some allied species living by prey, has been transformed into a thousand forms, with aptitudes and skills developed by human wit. Through the alchemy of thought, the chemistry of brains, the natural foe of the lamb has come to be that lamb's best guardian, the most heroic and skillful of shepherds. Add a little more of this spiritual solvent and the frightful beast becomes the companion of woman, the playmate of children; a little more human sagacity, and the sneaking thief of the forest becomes the reliable watch dog, who stands guard over your property; a little more brains introduced into the canine chemistry, and you have the fleet hound whose keen scent and marvelous agility makes the latest achievement of the rifle insignificant and oftentimes of no avail. By the same alchemy of wit, we have the dog of the old descent reduced to a fluffy plaything which my lady carries in her muff, with room still left for her gloves.

Later in order of time lies the conquest of the beast of burden, which then becomes the resource of human kind. The horse, the ox, the ass, the elephant, the reindeer and, when climatic conditions demand, the dog, have reinforced the human power, supplemented the strength of man's back, enlarged the carrying capacity of his arms and added to the fleetness and endurance of his feet to a degree immeasurably greater than anything in the way of the more recent triumphs of steam and electricity. Compared with the transporting service of these more primitive express-trains and freight-bearing caravans, the trans-continental railroad trains and the trans-oceanic ships are but recent luxuries to the comparatively few children of men.

But these four-footed additions to the genus homo, the two-footed animal, were with man on his upward climb through vast stretches of time before the dawn of the manger era. The herdsman antedates the farmer by many, many generations. The earlier master of the flocks must needs follow his herd from one valley to the other, from one clime to another. Not until man ceased to be nomadic and built for himself a fixed habitation, not until he learned to master the seasons, to conserve the over-supply of summer for the under-supply of winter, not until he learned to "make hay while the sun shines," to turn the sod and plant the seed, did the era of the manger come.

When the Christ-child was laid in a manger, he was cradled in the lap of civilization, he entered into a vast and noble inheritance of the past, and he rested on the high prophetic vantage ground from which he could look forward to a measureless destiny for man, in which there would arise the kingdom of God, the reign of peace, the era of brotherhood on the earth.

It is true that the words of the Hebrew law-givers, sages and reformers were back of him, but back of all these were the uncounted triumphs over field and forest and the inhabitants thereof. The beasts of the field and the birds of the air were ready to be his attendants and loyal escort.

Zoroaster, the prophet of Persia, thus counted the early rounds in the ladder of civilization.

"What is the first place on the earth most acceptable to Ahura-Mazda, the holy one?"

"It is where man has built himself a home for wife and child."

"What is the second place most acceptable to Ahura-Mazda, the holy one?"

"It is where man hus turned the sod and planted seed."

"What is the third place most acceptable to Ahura-Mazda, the holy one?"

"It is the field that man has fertilized by the dung of cattle."

The child laid in a manger started from this high vantage-ground of progress. The manger implies homes, cultivated crops and fertilized fields. Who, then, would learn the gospel of the manger must learn of science, the story of domesticated animals, the slow climb of man from the troglodyte,—the cave-dweller,—through the nomadic herdsman to the settled farmer.

Oh, what a charming Christmas story is here! Let us forget for the time being the winged angels, let the cloud-choirs of the sky cease their song if need be, banished be Santa Claus with his tinsel and bells, while with bowed heads and unsandalled feet we stand in the great cathedral of the past, the dim but solemn isles of history, and realize how the manger rises into the effulgence of the Christmas joy, out of the sweaty toil, the bloody struggle, the tiresome march of the forerunners of Jesus. Surely one thus tutored will come back with confident step into the beauty and glory, the joy and hopefulness of this festival of the Christ-child.

Let us seek the gospel of the manger on another line, that which, in these days, we call the science of Economics. The student of the needs of man when properly interpreted is a gospel-bearer. Fact and not fancy lays the foundation stones of the Kingdom of God. Doubtless the ox, not the cow, was the first conquest. The earliest bovine was the beast of burden,—the yoke-fellow of man. Mark the *yoke,* how much it means to human progress. I mean the ox-yoke, hewn out of the maple log, with its hickory bows. This is an extension of divine providence that reaches clear down into our own day. Rich am I in the memories that reach back to the ox-yoke. It was oxen that cleared the forests of Wisconsin. It was oxen that broke the prairie sod of Illinois. Oxen drew the prairie schooners across the arid deserts of the West and lodged the adventurous pilgrims in the gold fields of California. The era of the ox as a beast of burden, as a draft animal, in our land is largely past, but the era of the cow, which began later, is still in its infancy. What more prophetic guardian to the Christ-child could be found than the gentle-eyed cow that shared with him her manger? It is not fiction or fancy but facts and figures that give to the cow a high place alongside of Mother Mary as the foster mother of our race. The gospel of the manger is the gospel of milk. Milk is the one complete food product that meets all the bodily requirements of the human as well as of the bovine animal, and the question of pure milk for babies is one of the fundamental problems of municipal government. The most dastardly foe of civilization, the most heartless murderer of the innocent, is he who adulterates the milk, corrupting thereby the fountains of child life, desecrating the sanctities of motherhood, by poisoning the material sources of human energy. There is sociological warrant and economic justification for the old Hindu piety that, in an early Veda, sang the hymn of the cow:

I charge you, O my sons, to follow a herd of cows, smelling the dust raised by their feet day by day and at night lie down and guard them. O thou mighty Indra, make our pastures wide, give us wealth in cows, for he that hath cows will delight in cows, for substance is the delight of man and he that hath na substance hath no delight.

Economically speaking, the cow is the greatest food-producing machine perfected by man. The cow transforms the roughage of forest and field, of mountain side and swamp, into the most palatable of food for babes, invalids and strong men. Grass, timothy, clover, alfalfa, potato parings, pumpkins, turnips, cabbages, bran, barley, oats, rye, cotton-seed, even the refuse of the maltster, the material which the brewer could not wholly spoil, are put into one end of this machine, and presto, in an unspeakably short space of time, milk, with all which this imples,—milk, sweet, luscious, delectable milk, milk, a fitting drink for the gods in the old mythology, milk, with all it contains, cream, butter, cheese, custards, pies and puddings,—comes out at the other end.

The *products* of the cow machine are almost equaled by the marvelous story of its *by-products* as developed by modern skill and invention. An auctioneer, famous as the vender of dairy cows, has epitomized these by-products in a passage familiar to cowmen. He tells us that there is nothing, from nose to tail, that is not utilized by man.

Her horns give us combs, her tail makes soup, her hair keeps the plaster on the wall, her hoofs make glue, her blood is used to make sugar white, her bone fertilizes our soil; card-board is made out of her stomach and, by further elaboration, the finest quality of false teeth comes from the same source; and added to all this, her flesh and that of her progeny feed the nation with its most staple meat.

Where the cow is most honored, there the wealth of the field is most successfully conserved. The devastated fields of the profligate farmer are renewed and the denuded plantations, rendered sterile by the cultivation of cotton and tobacco, are promptly brought back to fertility and to civilization by the help of the cow.

But the manger has a higher gospel to preach than that of the economist who deals with food and clothes. The babe that was cradled in a manger was cradled in tenderness. Sympathy is the law of domestication. Gentleness is the demand of the stable. "Treat your cow as though she were a lady" is the high motto that obtains in the dairyman's barn. Professor Shaler, in his interesting book on domesticated animals, constantly emphasizes the truth that in the domestication of animals human sympathies were developed and the boundaries of love extended. He tells us that domestication represents "one of the modes of action of that sympathetic motive which, more than any other, has been the basis of the highest development of mankind." He tells us again that the element of sympathy, love for the other life, is the inspiration that has brought the lower realms of life, animal and vegetable, into the service and companionship of man. He tells us that while the primitive inhabitant of this continent had but the dog and three or four plants under control, the present inhabitant of the United States has domesticated to his will and his purposes perhaps a hundred different species of animals and a thousand different plants, fully one-half of which, he says, are cultivated for the gratification of the esthetic tastes and interests. They are bred and cultivated for pleasure, for the joy of companionship, for the beauty of garden, lawn and fireside. Take the pets out of the family and the flowers out of the gar-

, and man again becomes the hard, fierce, cruel
panion of the tiger and the serpent.
o state this fact in a higher and better way, the
d cradled in a manger was a fondling of democ-
; he was one qualified to become a prophet of
herhood, an exponent of the love of God on earth.
stocrats in their conceit may be born to downy
ches, cradled on marble and ebony, draped in silks
satins, but thereby they are excluded from the
shine of universal love, from the inspiration of
usive sympathies and a brotherhood in which there
neither Jew, Greek or barbarian, black or white,
or poor, high or low, but all are embraced in the
quate love of the Father of All, whose dearest son
cradled in a manger. Out of this fundamental
herhood he rose to be the Prince of Peace, the
nd of sinners, the confessed brother of the spar-
, "two of which were sold for a farthing," and the
rpreter of the lily, whose royal robes exceeded in
ity the trailing garments of Solomon in all his
y.
t is inspiring at Christmas time to remember that
whose message has broken down the arrogant
ms of conquerors, the superstitious pride of descent
class, the prejudices of creeds and races, was
dled in a manger. What more fitting place to cradle
who said of the sinner, "neither do I condemn
e; go, sin no more;" one who commended the hu-
ity of the contrite publican, whose broken prayer,
ather be merciful to me, a sinner," was heard above
arrogant piety of the high-headed, blood-proud,
se-proud, creed-confident Pharisee who said,
ather, I thank thee that I am not as other men are."
This lands me at my last affirmation concerning
gospel of the manger.
While preparing for this sermon at Washington the
er day, I sought in the library of Congress Profes-
Shaler's book on domesticated animals, from which
uote so often. But in that library of over a mil-
volumes the first book I ever asked for seemed
nting. There was no card for it in the catalogue.
investigation it was found that it was first cata-
ued in the "science" department but that it had
sequently been placed under the head of "ag-
lture." The change was not so radical as it may
m. Agriculture is becoming more and more a sci-
e. But this book might also, without violence, have
n catalogued under "religion," for it is a book of
ics, of devotion, of faith, a religious work that ren-
s libraries of dogmatic theology obsolete. Its
usual will soften the heart of the skeptic and re-
ure the doubting spirit. The sermon of the manager
sermon of faith. It is a phophecy of the coming
gdom when there will be "peace on earth and good
l to men."
Fore-thoughtfulness," says Shaler, "is the great
d of the savage. All primitive creatures, like chil-
n, live in the interests of the day." He shows that
the domestication of animals this fore-thoughtful-
s was developed. This is not the time or the place
me to dwell upon the economic possibilities of
manger, the immeasurable wealth in store for the
ure man of the barn, the milker of cows. A pio-
r apple-grower and breeder of blooded cattle in
sconsin has written the autobiography of a cow, a
nble companion to the classic Black Beauty. And
this book also I make grateful acknowledgement.
his book "Queen Vashti," a thoroughbred Guernsey cow, tells her story, traces her descendants from Oregon to Massachusetts, carrying with them wherever they went not only beauty and gentleness, but the astounding profits of the milk pail. Prosperity followed them wherever they went. It is not for me to give you the dollar and cent triumphs of this one family that produced cow after cow for the "Advanced Register." Let this one item suffice to show the possible achievements of the barnyard.

"Queen Deete," daughter of "Queen Vashti," gave in twelve months, 14,501 pounds of milk, which yielded 781 pounds of butter, which at 20 cents per pound will bring $156.20. This lady of the manger began her career on a bluffy farm in Wisconsin and ended it on a rocky farm in Massachusetts,—and she carried cash and contentment wherever she went. Can we not render this achievement into terms of prophecy, these dollars and cents into prospective homes, extend the care and love of these few breeders into the care and love of communities, into the companionship that comes by the conquest over nature, the elimination of the pride in things, the conceits of culture and the cruelties of wealth, at least reaching the heights which give a scientific basis to the hope that man is to triumph over the kingdoms of nature, not by power of might but by the power of love? When the human hyena that lives by conquest is transformed into the soil-tiller, then tribal bonds will give way and human sympathies and national enthusiasms will be merged into international comity, and peace on earth will have come. Some one has said that the dog is already "more man than dog," and surely the dog stories that delight the philosopher as well as the child justify the statement. When the gospel of the manger comes full-orbed, the lion will lie down with the lamb or else the lion will be eliminated. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof!" It is the mission of man to give to the Lord his own by the elimination of the brute and the glorification of the human being. The time is coming when there will be no room left on this footstool for the untamed brute, the representative of selfishness, who dominates by greed and force, whether that greed be of the quadruped or of the biped, whether his weapons be horns, fangs or sabers. The forces that make for schism and hatred and unholy rivalries are doomed by the gospel of the manger, which is the gospel of love, expressed in the gentleness that is to conquer the world.

"Barnum's Happy Family" was the joke of the menagerie, but the farmer's happy family, where the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, the lamb and the dog, the cat and the bird, live in amity, is now in holy farm-yards an accomplished fact, not a prophecy, but a realized kingdom of God on earth.

In the manger the Christ-child is still at home, and along with Queen Vashti is Mother Mary. They tell the story of the growing triumph of man over the brute forces of nature. The gospel of the manger is no mush of concession, no gush of sentiment that we turn our thoughts to once a year and then forget, no empty compliments to a dead Saviour mouthed in the pulpit by those who are deaf to the cry of the toiler and blind to the claims of hunger. The gospel of the manger is hard as steel, as inevitable as gravitation, as permanent as the law of the mathematician. "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and the time is coming as prophesied when the lion will lie down with the lamb, or else the

lion has got to go. The old type of a gentleman "would not hurt a fly;" the new type of a gentleman will not let the fly live. "Swat the fly" is the demand of the pious as well as of the physician, because all the forces of this earth are sooner or later to be brought into the dominion of reason and into the service of life. I say *all* the forces of nature, reaching into the heart of darkest Africa, for no prowling lion, no man-eating tiger, no child-crushing serpent will be allowed to remain when the triumphs of the manger are completed. If perchance there should be developed a chicken-eating sow, or a sheep-killing dog, or a breachy steer that gets into the cornfield at night, a kicking colt or a hooking cow, they have got to go or else surrender to the law of love. The civilized cow is being bred out of her horns, and if perchance the forces of breeding are too slow to meet the demand the horns are promptly sawed off that amity may obtain in the farm-yard and co-operation become the law of the stable. All this is involved in the gospel of the manger.

Let us gather up the fragments of this sermon on the manger. I want to leave them as fragments with you, that during your Christmas ministrations the sermon of the manger may stay with you and work for you and with you. The manger came "in the fullness of time." The child cradled therein had back of him an heroic and measureless ancestry. He was born into an economic bounty, the wealth of which we are just beginning to realize, the economy of which is still in its infancy. He was born into tenderness, doomed to gentleness and love. He was born into a brotherhood wider than the widest human reach. He was a comrade of the kine, a companion of the birds, at home in the fields. The gospel of the manger ushered in the era of economic justice, it recognized that the only brotherhood that has the gospel accent is the gospel of democracy. Mark you, the word international, which now is mouthed so flippantly,—now the chosen word of preacher, journalist and editor,—was first a distrusted, suspected word, brought into prominence by the working man of Europe. It was beaten out on the anvil of the blacksmith, and when the brotherhood of labor was established as being superior to the prejudice of race or the ambitions of nations, then, lo! the scientist, the artist, the statesman and at last the preacher began to claim the word. Now they are all for internationalism, but no internationalism can be realized or achieved except that which is founded on the manger. I mean the real manger—that which reckons with the cow, that which sallies forth on the high adventure of conquering all the forces of life to the service of enlightened and ennobled man. You see, then, that this Christmas sermon opens out into the great brotherhood and the great hopes of the ages. It is a sermon of hope.

In the line with Mrs. Woolley's Christmas poem, which I read as the opening scripture in this service, I have read two books within the last few weeks on this Jesus problem. "The Call of the Carpenter" is by Bouck White, a settlement worker of New York City. He undertakes to translate the gospel into terms of the sociologist. He has put meaning into the words of the Master which can be apprehended only by one who has looked into the life of the toiler, who has heard the groan of the oppressed, and who is in league with the forces of equality. The hard, practical gospel of justice, econo justice, the hope found in the words of the Maste stated by this friend of the poor with wonderful cl ness, and, as I said in UNITY the other day, "Let th to whom the New Testament has grown monotonou stale read Bouck White's "The Call of the Carpent The other book is "The Fool in Christ," by Gerl Hauptmann. This is a story in which the author tried to inject into the life of a modern man the "s itual"—if you want to call it that—attitude of Je It tries to interpret the gospel in terms of my faith, the consciousness of God within us, the now immanent—the worship of the divine. He ma this poor teacher of the love of God, who speaks most exclusively in the words of the New Testam seem an obnoxious character to his neighbors, a pected man because he persists in saying that he is son of God, and that he comes in the wake of Master and gives his message. So, all the way fr the hard, practical statements of Bouck White to most modern of metaphysical and mystical terpreters of Jesus, we find at the base a r born to companion the cow, a man in league with providence that conserves the over-bounty of the su mer for the meager bounty of the winter. Out of tender solicitude of the Big Brother for his hun kindred in furs and feathers, comes a faith in God a trust in man and a love for man that indeed ri Christmas bells in the heart and enriches the lives well as the homes of those who would be, in truth in deed, followers of the Prince of Peace. By s strictures as these we come to discover the reality the manger, and we see how fitting a place it was cradle a prophet of the Most High, a preacher of fa a brother of the lowly, a friend of sinners, a guide the noblest, a Saviour indeed of men.

A CHRISTMAS IN CALIFORNIA

A languor of deliciousness
Fills all the sea-enchanted clime;
And in the blue heavens meet, the kiss,
The loitering clouds of summer-time.

This fragrance of the mountain balm
From spicy Lebanon might be;
Beneath such sunshine's amber calm
Slumbered the waves of Galilee.

O wondrous gift, in goodness given,
Each hour anew our eyes to greet,
And earth so fair—so close to heaven,
'Twas trodden by the Master's feet.

And we—what bring we in return?
Only these broken lives, and lift
Them up to meet his pitying scorn,
As some poor child its foolish gift:

As some poor child on Christmas day
Its broken toy in love might bring;
You could not break its heart and say
You cared not for the worthless thing?

Ah, word of trust, His child! That child
Who brought to earth the life divine,
Tells me the Father's pity mild
Scorns not even such a gift as mine.

I am His creature, and His air
I breathe, where'er my feet may stand;
The angels' song rings everywhere,
And all the earth is Holy Land.

—*E. R. Si*

The True Minister

It is said that teachers, preachers, editors, writers, lawyers and statesmen are innocent of originality and never follow in the path of the old routine. It is good, no doubt, that there is this conserving element, for man, in his residence on this earth of 750,000 years, must have gleaned some truth, created something valuable that ought not to be destroyed.

But we need not only the conservators of old ideas and institutions, but also poets, prophets, discoverers. As the intelligent farmer under the lead of Burbank and Pasteur determines what plants and animals shall survive, and also discovers new plants and animals, so intelligent ministers ought largely to decide what ideas and institutions ought to perish, and, moreover, discover new ideas and build new institutions.

The teacher who has ceased to study, who is not far beyond his pupils, cannot teach. To teach arithmetic well one should have a thorough knowledge of algebra, geometry and trigonometry. And the minister who ceases to study, to aspire, who comes to his people with his little handful of stale ideas, has lost his power. The teachers and preachers have largely the education of the nation in their hands, education that means the evolution and ripening of human nature, —the making strong, healthy and beautiful the human body, mind and soul. But how can they teach, how can they educate, unless they themselves have reached, in some measure at least, that supreme goal, a strong, healthy and beautiful body, intellect, and soul, or at least aspire to reach it? But, alas, how few have broken away from the tyranny of the ideas of the past.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

An Urgent Plea

To the Editor of Unity:

On consultation with, and on the urgent advice of, a distinguished specialist, the undersigned have decided to appeal for aid on behalf of a former Unitarian minister who is suffering with tuberculosis, and who is without any funds to meet the cost of such treatment as is necessary to his recovery. We find on investigation that "There is no fund in the United States to help this unfortunate young man," and so we adopt this method of reaching those who may wish to contribute to an aid fund. In order to recover, he must cease all work, be "free from all mental anxiety and trouble," and "secure one year of good hygienic, dietetic and climatic treatment;" and for this "at least $1,000 will be needed."

The patient is still under thirty years of age, and is, in our judgment, a man of great promise and unusual ability. Those who contribute to his aid will assist not only in the saving of a human life, which now is doomed, but in restoring to our liberal ministry a man of force and consecration. We are asking for this aid without his knowledge or consent. We do so because his need is great and his case an urgent one.

The specialist whom we have consulted has already started the fund with a generous contribution. Further contributions may be sent to either of the undersigned.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes, 28 Garden Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Prof. Frank C. Doan, Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa.

THE STUDY TABLE

Holiday Books

From Little, Brown & Co., I get a little book entitled "At Good Old Siwash." It means at college; and it does not make any difference what college, so long as it remains unfortunately true that the book fairly represents our present American collegiate system. It is a very fair picture of college life, as it now fronts every young man who desires an education. In my judgment the most dangerous feature of American life is this college degeneracy. The wit is rubbish and rot; the games are silly as the jokes, and there is not one shade or feature of the whole affair that is not a disgrace to manhood. There is no use in denying or trying to cover it up; not a small proportion of our college boys are imbibing false conceptions of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood, and of the nature of genuine sport. I should like to have a copy of this book placed in the hands of every father in America, and then I would like to have the collegiate boys hereafter strictly confined to the members of those families that approve this sort of stuff. The making of a man is a magnificent affair, and the wreckage of a boy is the most awful thing that can occur in this universe. I have seen enough of it, and have had every opportunity for knowing the truth; for nearly every year of my life has been spent in sight of a college building and in association with college affairs. It is an easy matter to exploit the noble work done by these institutions. Much of it is noble, but it remains pitifully true that the views of life and obligation current among the boys is organically ruinous. I do not wish this book could be withdrawn from sale; I wish it to be sold by the tens of thousands. Those who sneer at my words cannot sneer this book out of existence. Mr. George Fitch, we thank you for having written it.

E. P. POWELL.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Christmas! My soul, what gift would you?
"Christ-love for all, the false, the true;
A spirit so fine; so might thou live
Each day to work and joy and give."

Christmas! My heart, what gift would you?
"A gracious way; so might thou do
All duty sweetly; and invite
Each other Heart to share thy light."

Christmas! O body, what would you?
"Ah, beauty, health and strength indue:
So might thou spend in lane and mart
Like Him, thy wealth of soul and heart."

Medina, Ohio. HARRIET MORLOCK GLEASON.

The idea of duty, that recognition of something to be lived for beyond the mere satisfaction of self, is to the moral life what the addition of a great central ganglion is to animal life. No man can begin to mould himself on a faith or on an idea without rising to a higher order of experience: a principle of subordination, of self-mastery, has been introduced into his nature; he is no longer a mere bundle of impression, desires and impulses.

—*George Eliot.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre
$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR ..... JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR ..... EDITH LACKERSTEEN
DEPARTMENT EDITOR ..... MRS. WILLIAM KENT

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS:

Jane Addams, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred. V. Hawley, Charles M. Henderson, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, E. P. Powell, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Fred Alban Weil, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

THE SPIRIT OF YOUTH AND KANSAS CITY

Kansas City's Child Welfare exhibit, which was held in Convention Hall, November 3-11, was similar in the main to those of New York and Chicago, but had some characteristics of its own. With one or two notable exceptions, the average visitor passed through the departments of the pioneer New York exhibit with a feeling of how much was being done for the children and how excellent it was. The managers of the Chicago undertaking put a nib to each branch of their show that enabled the public to read almost in words of one syllable not only what Chicago was doing for children, but what needed to be done; how the city sized up with other cities and with the future. The Kansas City exhibit, in its addresses and displays, even more engagingly "got down to tacks," and saw to it, metaphorically speaking, that every one who came along felt the prick of them—of those things which in the community life meant neglect, exploitation, and waste. That is, perhaps, the first thing to be noted about the exhibit; but it was coupled with western optimism and the graphic interpretation, also, of the positive forces for child welfare in the community. The second point was that it was given under muncipal auspices, those of the Board of Public Welfare, which has charge of various activities for social betterment and is itself, perhaps, Kansas City's most unique contribution to civic advance. The exhibit was made possible, however, by private generosity, that of William Volker, formerly president of the board. The fact that the city itself was back of the enterprise was not an inconsiderable factor in the impression which it made on the imagination and common purposes of the people. "The effect in arousing popular interest," writes a correspondent, "will be felt for years to come."

In the third place this exhibit did not adhere quite so strictly to the subject of child welfare as the former exhibits, for some of the things included affected more or less indirectly the well-bei of children; the term "child" was int preted as applying to any minor. fact, the most striking part of the tire exhibit was that which dealt w working girls. It displayed the wages stores and factories separately and 'g photographs of rooms, an actual exam of a cheap lunch in a show-case, and exhibit of shoddy clothing. Statist were marshalled to show that more th one-half of the girls receive $6 per we or less and that the necessities of l cannot be readily obtained by a self-s porting girl for less than $8 per we $9 was set down as a living wage Kansas City to stand for.

—The Survey

TO TRAIN SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS

Increased efficiency has been the wat word of Sunday-school institutes a conventions held in eastern states t fall, and many of the suggestions offe have dwelt on the matter of self-i provement among the teachers. Sec tary L. H. Koehler of the New Jers

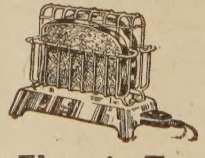
(Continued on page 254)

Electrical Appliances Make Ideal Christmas Gifts

Any gift which makes for beauty or utility in the home is always acceptable.

Electrical Appliances lighten daily household tasks and add immeasurable comfort to home life. Your friends will appreciate *Electrical Gifts* as much as any thing you could possibly select, and it will be to your decided advantage to buy them at ELECTRIC SHOP.

Light your Christmas Tree with the *safe* and *clean* vari-colored miniature Electric Lighting Outfit.



The Electric Toaster

Will make the most delicious toast right on your dining table as fast as four persons can eat it. Electricity costs less than 1 cent for a dozen slices.

A gift which will be enjoyed by the entire family.

The Electric Flat Iron

The popularity of the Electric Iron is due to its economy and cleanliness. Saves the many steps between stove and ironing board. Many thousands used with the greatest satisfaction.

Your wife, mother or sister will be highly pleased with a gift of this kind.

ELECTRIC SHOP---CHICAGO

Jackson and Michigan Boulevards

Over Two Thousand Things Electrical

"The Laurel Series" Friendship Cards and Leaflets

For Sale by

Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre, Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago

Christmas Posy. *Margaret Lee Ashley*	$0.10
I Were Santa Claus! *Margaret Lee Ashley*	.10
uletide. *Margaret Lee Ashley*	.10
Gay Little Christmas Tree! *Margaret Lee Ashley*	.10
Merry Christmas—Neighbors All! *Emma Carleton*	.05
membrance. *Emma Carleton*	.10
Friendly Greeting. *Helen Elizabeth Coolidge*	.10
olly and Mistletoe. *Helen Elizabeth Coolidge*	.10
oming Hearts. *Helen Field Fischer*	.10
lay This Holy Christmas Tide. *Evelyn H. Walker*	.15
Christmas Wish. *Evelyn H. Walker*	.10
ere's A Merry, Merry Christmas. *Ethel M. Colson*	.05
very Thought I Herewith Send. *Ethel M. Colson*	.03
ere's A Thought of Joyous Cheer. *Ethel M. Colson*	.03
ove's Storehouse. *Althea A. Ogden*	.15
nd Now Open Your Heart. *H. W. Longfellow*	.10
ere's To Thee and Thy Folks. *H. W. Longfellow*	.10
he New Year. *Horatio N. Powers*	.10
opes For The New Year. *N. Hawthorne*	.05

Friendship Cards

arge folders, size 4 x 7, on special art paper. Price 15 cents each.

. The Rosary ..... *Owen Innsley*
. Start and Goal..... *C. G. Rossetti*
. Flowers to the Living..... ..... *Helen Field Fischer*
. What is Love ....*From the German*
. A Friendship .....*Sophie Jewett*
. Borderland... *Helen Field Fischer*
. Oh, the Comfort ... *Dinah Mulock*
. Some I Remember, and Will Ne'er Forget ... ... *R. Pollok*
. I Have Found a New Friend .. ..*Ernest Crosby*
0. The Love of a Friend .... ..*Josephine Canning*

Friendship Cards

Small Folders, each 10 cents.

. Each Year to Ancient Friendship.. *Lowell.*
. Friends My Soul with Joy Remembers .....*Longfellow*
. What a Blessing is a Friend, *Seneca*
. Love Took Up The Harp of Life.... ..... *Tennyson*
. It Is Easy To Say How We Love New Friends .... *George Eliot*
. She Doeth Little Kindnesses, *Lowell*
. To Rejoice At Friends But Newly Found ..... *Shakespeare*
. Friends Who Redeem Our Negative Days

Birthday Cards

From Wishing Land (hollyhock design) Robert Louis Stevenson ..... .15
From Wishing Land (clover design) . Robert Louis Stevenson ..... .10
From Wishing Land (plain) . . . . Robert Louis Stevenson ..... .05
A Birthday Song—Grace Denio . . . . Litchfield ..... .10
A Birthday Wish—Margaret Lee . . . Ashley ..... .10
Let This Auspicious Morning . . . . Dryden ..... .05
The Gladdest Year—Ethel M. Colson .10
Thy Birthday, Dear! (oak design) . . Lilla T. Elder ..... .10
Thy Birthday, Dear! (ivy design) . Lilla T. Elder ..... .05

Good Wishes for Birthdays and Other Days

All That the Arms of a Summer Can Hold, Margaret Lee Ashley .... .10
God Bless Thee, Dear ..... Helen Elizabeth Coolidge ..... .10
The Tiny Craft (to send abroad).... Helen Elizabeth Coolidge .... .10
Love Be True to Her .. Large folder .10
Love Be True to Her .. Small folder .05
Father This Prayer I offer (for him) Ethel M. Colson ..... .10
Father This Prayer I offer (for her) Ethel M. Colson ..... .10
The Wish of a Friend ..... Ethel M. Colson ..... .10
May Sun and Moon and Little Stars Evelyn H. Walker ..... .10
Thou Mindest Me Of All Bright Things (to a young girl) ..Evelyn H. Walker ..... .10

SANTY

By

John T. McCutcheon

A LITTLE booklet printed in two colors on tinted paper. Ten illustrations. No need to tell how good it is—the author's name is sufficient.

In envelope ready for mailing

Single copy . . . $ .25
Five copies to one address 1.00

From the Studio of Bertha E. Jaques Christmas Cards

No. 1. Loving Thought	$0.10
No. 2. Good Wishes	.10
No. 3. Christmas Spirit	.10
No. 4. Paper Bird	.10
No. 5. Memory Bells	.10
No. 6. Friendship	.10
No. 7. Forget-Me-Not	.10

New Year Cards

No. 1. Jeweled Months	$0.10
No. 2. New Year Every Day	.10
No. 3. The New Year	.10

Wedding Cards, Place Cards, Mother and Baby Cards, etc., etc.
Send for lists.

The DREXEL LAUNDRY
3909 Langley Avenue, Chicago
TELEPHONE DOUGLAS 642
BEST POSSIBLE LAUNDRY SERVICE

Bowman Dairy Company
Milk bottled in the country
Milk · Cream · Butter · Buttermilk
Do our wagons serve you?
Why not have the best?
4221-4229 State Street
Telephones at all division offices.
Evanston -·- Chicago -·- *Oak Park*

HEALTH BULLETIN
USE WANZER'S GERM-NO MILK
WANZER'S DELICIOUS, RICH CREAM
WANZER'S BUTTER CUP BRAND CREAMERY BUTTER
All guaranteed and can be obtained only of
SIDNEY WANZER & SONS
21 E. THIRTIETH ST. Phone—Douglas 817
6315 KIMBARK AVE. Phone—Hyde Park 207
600 W. 71ST. ST. Phone—Stewart 139

ADVANCE ROOFING AND SHEET METAL WORKS
INCORPORATED
Frank R. Prieve, President
4821 COTTAGE GROVE AVE.
Phone Oakland 3776
Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

Do Your
COMFORTERS, BLANKETS
RUGS, LACE CURTAINS, DRAPERIES,
and
GARMENTS NEED CLEANING?
Phone **SCHUMANN & CO.** 1442 Douglas
3954 Cottage Grove Ave.

Sunday-school Association is amon those who lay emphasis upon this nee and he brought forward some plans fo affecting the desired result at the recen meeting in Plainfield, where 1,458 del gates attended. *The Christian Advocat* (New York) reports the chief proposals

"Secretary L. H. Koehler, the pr gressive and forceful leader of the Ne Jersey Sunday-school forces, is a traine religious pedagog, and those under hi reflect his ardor. He urges the impo tance of teacher-training, and well say that while there may be hesitation as t the adoption of the principle of pai teachers in the Sunday-school, no ob jection can be brought to the payment a teacher to teach the teachers. He de clared that a properly considered clas in teacher-training would be of mor value *to the church* than the week-nigh prayer-meetings as now conducted i many churches. Already throughout th United States one Sunday-school teache in every eight is taking one of the train ing courses.

"Among many suggestions for the im provement of the Sunday-school wa that of Mrs. Karnell, a home-departmen worker, who proposed such co-opera tion of the home-department visitor with the Sunday-school and the pasto that they should become an arm of th Sunday-school in visiting the boys an girls upon whom teachers fail to cal and should aid the pastor by giving a evangelistic tone to their conversatio in the homes which they enter. The Ne Jersey Mothers' Congress had just me in Plainfield and some had drawn com parisons between its work and that o the Sunday-school, to the discredit of th latter as a practical force for the goo of the community. Prof. E. P. S John, of the Hartford School of Peda gogy, met such criticism by presenting plan by which the Sunday-school shoul open a parents' department, in which, o Sundays or week-days, classes shoul meet for instruction in the duties an responsibilities of parenthood and th moral and religious training of the chi dren."—*Literary Digest.*

Tel. Douglas 3882. Est. 187
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES
Glass and Glazing
Tools, Cutlery, Hardware
3831-33 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago

DRUGS COMPLETE STOC BEST QUALITY
C. R. WALGREEN & CO.
Successors to W. G. Valentine
39[illegible] Cottage Grove Ave.

A Plea for Peace Among the N tions .....
Call of the City, Church, Home, I dividual, State. Paper, net.....$0.
The Selfishness of Grief.....
Death as a Friend.....
The Dual Mystery: What Is Materia ism? .....
UNITY PUBLISHING CO.
Abraham Lincoln Centre, Chicago